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advisory congress of the nations, is now before the Foreign Affairs Committees of both Houses of Congress. There is good prospect that the coming winter the resolution will be reported favorably and that Congress will give its approval to the proposition. When that is once done, the President will be able to move in the matter with the absolute assurance of accomplishing what the Interparliamentary Union found him ready to do.

The adoption of the St. Louis resolution by the Interparliamentary Conference — the first time the subject had ever been before it — and the pledge of the President in regard to carrying it to execution may well be regarded one of the greatest events of the year in the field of world interests. It is encouraging in the highest degree. A Congress of the Nations, for the discussion and disposition of world questions, is now looming large on the horizon. It is as certain to be realized as that the permanent International Tribunal already exists. The time is already ripe for it.

The completion of the system of arbitration, which the proposed Conference will undertake, the arrest and reduction of armaments, which it will be asked to provide for, will be accomplishments of the greatest moment; but the laying of the bases of a world-organization, through which the nations, without sacrificing their local autonomy, will be able properly to dispose of their extensive common interests, to cultivate wider mutual acquaintance, to extend the foundations of justice among themselves, to remove misunderstandings, to establish a reign of well-recognized law, like that now prevailing among individuals within the nations, and thus to *assure* general peace over all the earth, will make the new conference which the President proposes to call an event the greatness of whose glory no imagination can picture in advance.

The dark, savage struggle in the Far East may thwart the wishes of the Interparliamentary Union and the President's purpose during the coming winter, but that struggle will end, and we shall see great light after the darkness.

The Argument from the Horrors of War.

Otherwise good people are often met with who seem to be entirely unmoved by what we call, for lack of a stronger and more appropriate term, the horrors of war. The old delusion that war is sometimes a moral necessity and a moral tonic seems to have rendered them incapable of feeling, or even of looking straight into, the cruel and loathsome realities of battlefields and sieges. They feel, therefore, that these horrors must just be taken down without thought and without inspection, as if they had no moral characteristics in themselves.

There is a feeling pretty widely spread, even among opponents of war, that it is a cheap and sentimental proceeding to call up the horrors of fighting as a means of arousing opposition to it. We confess that we have never been able to fathom the causes lying back of this mental attitude. Is it pure hard-heartedness? Is it unwillingness to suffer the soul-agonies induced by gazing at these horrors? Is it a manifestation of that weariness and disgust which comes from hearing repeated the same old story? Is it the blasting influence on the soul of false ideals of manhood and courage, of patriotism and self-sacrifice? Or is it merely the result of the hardening effect which war, in which men from time out of mind have engaged, has had upon the individual and the public conscience?

One would think that naturally healthy minds, in which Christian nurture has developed tenderness of disposition and kindness of character, would never cease to cry out against war on the ground of its loathsome beastialities and unutterable cruelties. Every new war brings its fresh crop of horrors. Why should not every war, therefore, bring its fresh outburst of disgust and moral indignation? We are well aware that among the early advocates of peace this was the stock argument. The changes were incessantly rung on the horrors and woes of the battlefield. Why should they not have been? These are the very substance, the flesh and bones of war. No words can ever exhaust their terrible meaning. These early peace men were wise. They put their finger on the very centre of the plague spot. They went to the inner chamber of the "hell of war" and revealed it in all its hideousness.

What language could portray a tithe of the fiendish passions, the diabolic deeds of the Napoleonic campaigns, under which the whole of Europe lay bleeding at every vein for nearly a quarter of a century? What word-artist could ever portray the loathsomeness of the conditions about Metz in 1870 — the starving, tongue-parched, insanely-laughing men shut up by the wall of merciless German soldiers, until their faces, foul with dirt, bore little resemblance to the human? Why should one be silent, for fear of being reckoned sentimental, about the horrors of the women's and children's prison pens in South Africa, the nameless wanton cruelties of some of the European troops on their march to Peking, the desolations wrought by portions of the American forces in the Philippines? Has humanity lost its heart that these things should be coolly pushed away out of sight?

No, this argument from war's horrors ought never to go out of fashion, will never go out of fashion so long as men are men — beings with moral perception and moral feeling. And this argument is working more powerfully to-day than ever before. For, though men in general say less about the horrors of war, they feel them much more deeply than they have ever been felt in the past; down deep in the souls of our civilized men and women, who are becoming increasingly kind and benevolent, there is a growing

determination that the face of the earth shall no longer be ravaged by these inhuman phenomena.

Other arguments, of course, are in place. War is waste, irrationality, colossal folly. In the present state of men's moral development these arguments are even more effective than the one of which we are speaking. They are possibly, therefore, more practical, and should be used for all they are worth in the "war against war." But the final argument against war is found in its deeds,— its butcheries, its mad charges, its mangled flesh and bones, its raging passions,— in its horrors of the flesh and its more repulsive horrors of the spirit. However noble the causes or aims of any war may be thought to be, its deeds are always, from any high moral point of view, hideously wicked. How can any humane man, any man of conscience and moral sensibility, look these deeds in the face and then consent to go and do them?

These reflections have been occasioned by the war now raging in the Far East, where it has again been proved that "war is the business of hell," where its essential horrors have repeated themselves on a scale and with an intensity that have made the civilized world shudder. If the facts correspond with the reports,— and they are probably much worse,— these horrors have never been surpassed in anything bearing the name of "legitimate" war. But in essence they have had their counterpart in every serious conflict ever waged.

The cutting down of a body of six hundred Japanese, who had raised the white flag, by the Russians, in spite of the flag of truce, and by the Japanese because of it, is, indeed, if the report be true, a ghastly tragedy. But over and over again in savagely contested wars does history record the violation of the white flag. And how does the action of the Japanese in shooting down a body of their own men, who had proposed to surrender, differ in spirit from that of the regimental commander or company captain who, to save his lines from breaking, levels his revolver on a soldier fleeing to the rear, and shoots him dead if he does not continue to fight? And how much baser, tell us honestly, is this reported butchery of six hundred men than the stealthy torpedoing of a great ship which carries down to yawning death six hundred men in one struggling, writhing mass? The one is "legitimate" warfare, the other is not; but which of them, in the name of simple sense, is the baser?

Many of the blood-curdling horrors enacted about Port Arthur and in the vicinity of Liaoyang — men tumbling headlong in masses into blind ditches craftily set with sharpened stakes to impale them, men dying with their teeth set in other men's throats or fingers buried in others' eye-sockets — are only "legitimate" warfare carried to its extreme savagery, and ought to surprise no one who knows the history of war and has had the courage to let himself see clearly its true nature and spirit.

Under the glass war is always essentially the same horrible phenomenon. Its horrors vary somewhat in form but not in essence. This last war of our civilized era is the same hideous thing as one of the battles in which Romans and Carthaginians, or Huns and Franks, hewed each other to death in huge windrows miles long. The horrors of war will some day kill it. Men will reach a point of moral power when they will no longer endure it. They will speak out in unison their deepest thought about it, and under this blasting, withering word the horror of horrors will shrivel to nothingness and disappear. That day is coming, and it is not afar off.

Opening of the Peace Congress.

As we go to press, the Thirteenth International Peace Congress is opening at Boston. It gives promise of being the greatest single demonstration of public opinion in behalf of arbitration and other means of securing the peace of the world ever held. About one hundred and twenty organizations of different kinds in this country and Europe — peace societies, arbitration organizations, Chambers of Commerce, boards of trade, church conferences, labor organizations, women's clubs, teachers' associations, etc. — have forwarded the names of delegates. The number of individuals, not delegates, enrolling themselves as members is extraordinarily large. The total enrollment is likely to reach seven or eight hundred at least. The number of individuals and organizations, which, though not able to be present or to send delegates, have sent the Committee on Organization expressions of strong sympathy and support, has been large beyond all expectation.

The Congress is given unusual significance by the fact that Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, is representing the United States government in the opening ceremonies. Our next issue, or the next two issues, will contain extended reports of the deliberations, speeches and decisions of the Congress. Our readers may expect, therefore, an unusual treat, and they will do a real service to the great cause for which the Congress is meeting by calling the attention of their friends to the paper.

Editorial Notes.

Noah Worcester's "Solemn Review."

We reprint in this issue Dr. Noah Worcester's "Solemn Review of War," first published on Christmas day, ninety years ago. It seems most appropriate at this time, when the thirteenth International Peace Congress is being held here in Boston, from which this paper is issued, to set before our readers the great argument against war of